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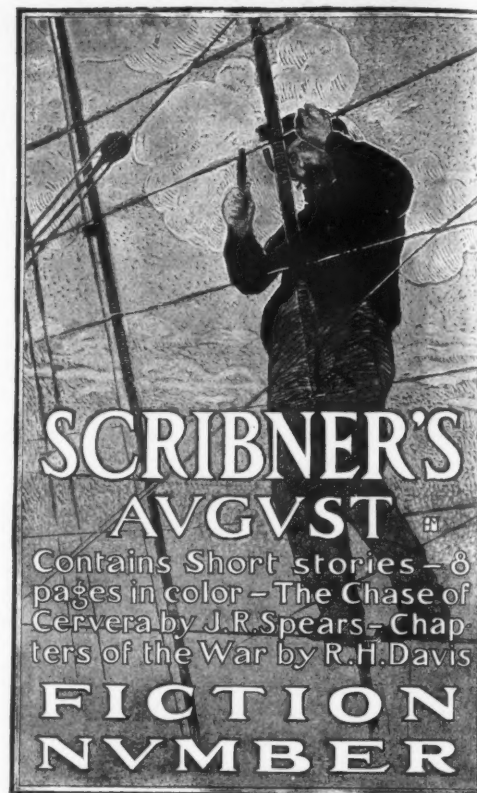


"ALL FLESH IS GRASS."
THEN IS SMITHERS PUSHING A LOAD OF HAY UP HILL?

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

19 West 31st Street,
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"MARY, IS THAT YOUNG MAN IN THE PARLOR?"
"I THINK HE IS, SIR. MISS JENNIE HAS HUNG SOMETHING OVER THE KEYHOLE."

An Easy One.

HAT occupation would you recommend, doctor, as being the most favorable to long life?"

DR. SKILLFUL: Enlist in our navy.

Intercepted Dispatch.

CHICAGO, July 16.

TO Admiral Cervera, Annapolis, Md.:
The combination was too strong, but history will remember us.

J-S-PH L-T-R.

A Canard.

THE story that the Wamputtock Woolen Mills of Bristol, R. I., ran day and night at emergency speed throughout the last week of June on a cholera band for General Shafter is probably mere gossip. There are mills in New England that could make a cholera band for General Shafter in half a day. The General's dimensions have been exaggerated, though it is true enough that, even at his fighting weight, he is not suited to run very fast up hill on hot days in Cuba.

Plenty of Time.

DASHAWAY: I was going to ask you to dine with me, but I believe you are going to take dinner at the Winklers.

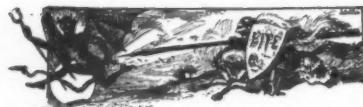
STUFFER: What time do you dine?

"Six o'clock."

"That's all right, old man. They don't dine until seven."

EVEN the youngest of us has something to learn.

YOUTH lives in to-morrow; manhood to-day; old age yesterday.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXII. JULY 28, 1898. No. 816.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers within six months, 25 cents. Previous to six months, 50 cents.

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ANY citizen who was not pleased with the issue of the campaign about Santiago must be hard to suit.

If he exists, he has as yet made no sign. It was a grand thing to have the Spanish troops give up without a final fight. Grand, first, because it saved the lives of a lot of good Americans; and next, because it saved a lot of Spaniards.

General Miles, or our friends in Washington, or whoever had gumption enough to think of offering to send the Spanish soldiers back to Spain, are entitled to be thoroughly pleased with themselves. Perhaps the propriety of it will become so conspicuous in practice that the same course will be followed with the other Spanish prisoners of war that we have in stock. There has been some ground for fearing that Spanish soldiers would not be well received in Spain, but if we are to land them in lots of twenty-five thousand they ought to be able to take care of themselves.



ONE of the comforting things about this war which has been such a sore trial to so many good people has been the considerate treatment of Spanish prisoners of all grades that have been captured. All reports tell of an eagerness on the part of our men to save life and stay suffering, and of a general effort to minimize the painfulness of captivity.

If we may believe report, there has been a disposition not only to save physical suffering, but to save feelings, too. Some sharp critics of American manners—Stevenson, for one—who were half amused, half outraged, by the free-and-easiness, and sometimes the rudeness of the citizens of this land, have still found occasion to record that, after all, at the bottom the Americans were perhaps the kindest and helpfulest people on earth. In all these war doings we at home feel full confidence in the kindness of our brethren. We read in the history books of "brutal soldiery," but, whatever individual black sheep there may be in our armies, we don't believe that such a thing as "brutal soldiery" exists collectively under the American flag. Spain seems likely to find that out wherever her soldiers meet ours after a battle, or her sailors our sailors.



HOW can Spain keep up the war, after the impressive illustrations she has had of what our Uncle Sam has set out to do and of his overwhelming ability to accomplish it? Logic ought to accomplish the evacuation of Havana without the firing of another gun, but logic is not Spain's strong point. She fights bravely, but when it comes to seeing things as they are and making the inevitable deductions, there comes out what the British traveler called that "something Spanish in the Spanish people that makes them behave in a Spanish manner." But object lessons ought to do their work in time, even with Spain, and what object lesson could be more impressive than the return to Spain of twenty-five thousand soldiers from Cuba? That ought to carry more weight of persuasion than even the guns of Commodore Watson's squadron.



IF the war should end without much more fighting there will be some complicated cases of division in the apportionment of the available glory. So far as the navy goes, the case is pretty much closed. The shine refuses to come off the achievement of Admiral Dewey, and subsequent events, illustrious as

they have proved to be, have not moved him down to second place. For auxiliary naval heroes we have Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley, Constructor Hobson, Captain Evans, Captain Philip, Commander Wainwright, and a lot of other gallant gentlemen who, some by good fortune, some by reason of rank, and some out of the impetuosity of their aggressiveness, have loomed up conspicuous. There is no doubt that the navy got all there was coming to it. If any man in any measure missed his chance, it was for no worse reason than that he couldn't be in two places at once.



AS for the military men, without doubt the one who has made the biggest haul of crude renown is Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. He has stormed the heights of glory with the eagerness of a milk-fed puppy rushing at his first piece of meat. It is simply scandalous how he has distinguished himself. To think of him is like thinking of a comet with a tail all exclamation points. He would go to the war; he got together a regiment of social freaks, with a press agent to every third man; he got them from Texas to Tampa; he swam them across to Cuba in the first shoal; and then, his Colonel being promoted, he got them into the worst fights of the war and charged at the head of them up hill on horseback, had his horse shot under him, lost about a third of his men, and lived to see the Spanish soldiers driven back and to have the story told by R. H. Davis. When he gets back to New York we shall have to put hoops on the town to keep it from bulging out into the rivers.

There are others. There is General Shafter, a good soldier, who, in spite of a tendency to stomach ache, has commanded a successful expedition. And there are General Miles and General Wheeler, and dozens more, who will live, please Heaven, to hear us cheer them; besides those others whom our voices will not reach. Indeed, the amount of glory won at Santiago was only limited by the dimensions of the fighting. It was with the American troops there as it was with their brothers on the sea. Taken altogether, they showed their quality, and put it beyond all surmise what sort of fighting men the United States turns out.



He: A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE! ABSURD! I HAVE SCARCELY A MILLION.
"NEVER MIND, DEAR. I WILL BE SO ECONOMICAL!"

Gossip of the Authors.

IT is said that Alfred Austin finds the laurel wreath too large for his brow, and has therefore had buckles put on it so that he may use it as a bicycle belt.

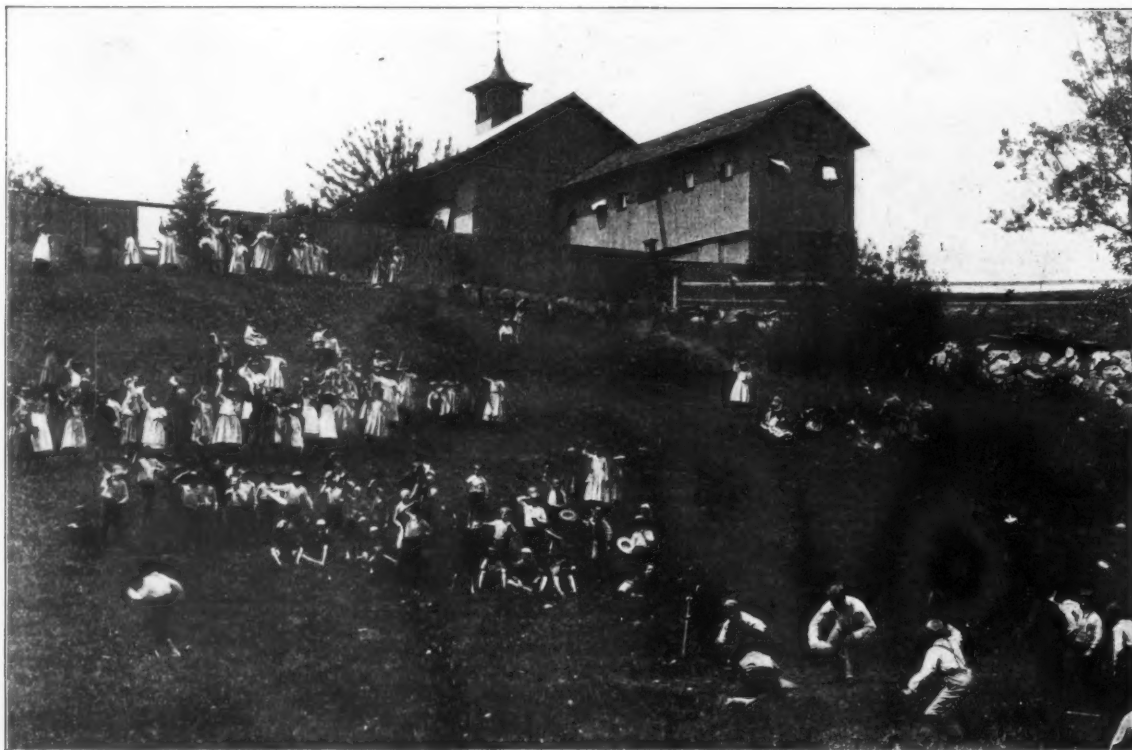
MR. HALL CAINE receives so many requests for locks of his hair that he has decided hereafter to send them to those persons only who have contributed ten guineas to the Indian Famine Fund. Mr. Caine very generously promises to send a whole whisker to all contributors of fifty pounds, upon application accompanied by receipt.

THE success of Mr. Quiller-Couch in writing the concluding chapters of Stevenson's "St. Ives" has been so great that he will in all probability devote his remaining years to writing novels which Stevenson might have written had he lived. Whether these will appear in the collected and final edition of Stevenson is not yet certain, but admirers of the deceased author have every reason to be hopeful.

THE rapidity with which some authors write is remarkable. Mr. Caine takes down two basketfuls of notes every day. Mr. Henry James and Mr. Meredith do not work so fast, the former doing about eight words a month and the latter contenting himself with four in the same period. It must be remembered, however, that both these gentlemen write their stories backwards. Mr. Davis's capacity is said to be seven pages of the London Times between breakfast and luncheon, while Mr. Crawford's average is a yard of solid nonpareil an hour. Mr. Crane has no word record. He paints his stories on canvas and has them transcribed into language by a force of stenographers—w h i c h may possibly account for some of the eccentricities of his English.

THE rumor that Queen Victoria has suggested to Alfred Austin that he go to Central Africa and give readings from his own works to the natives is not confirmed.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE does most of his writing in a dark room, so that his eyes may not be dazzled by the combined brilliance of the sun and his own wit. His poetic fire has increased so in heat within the past six months that he has to be fed hourly on cracked ice, and sleeps always in a refrigerator.



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The Old Soldier-Hero, and the New.

THERE are all kinds of stories in "The Haunts of Men" (Stokes), by Robert W. Chambers, but the one that will hit any man who loves the woods hardest is "The

Little Misery." And if the man has ever outfitted at Kineo, puffed up to the Northwest Carry on the little steamboat, crossed Seboomook Meadows, and paddled up the West Branch to camp on the Island, he will find himself at home again in this tale of *Jim Skeene*, "a river-driver beyond the Northwest Carry who respected neither moose nor man."

Some men write about the woods as they would write about original sin, treating it as a subject to be discussed solemnly and learnedly, with a view to showing off their special knowledge. And others write about it sentimentally, grafting upon inanimate trees and inarticulate animals the petty emotions of their own hearts.

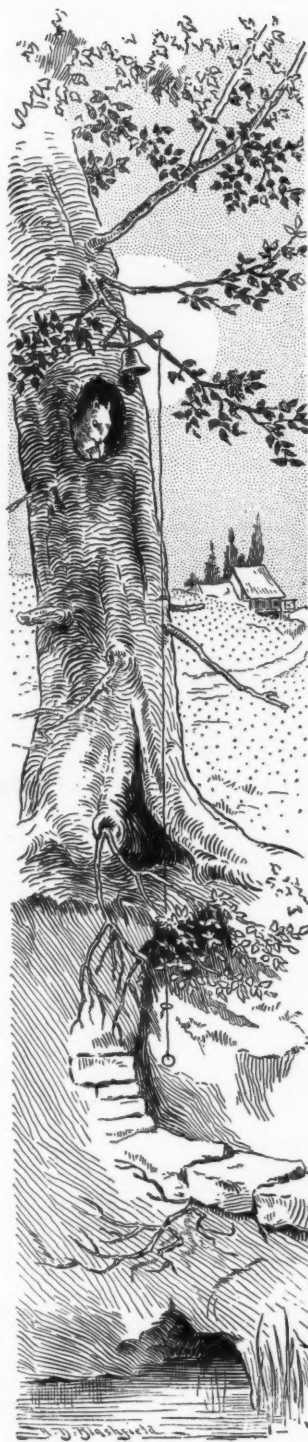
But Mr. Chambers knows the woods as a sportsman, a naturalist, and an artist. When he describes the wild things disporting themselves in front of *Skeene's* hut, up Little Misery, he gives you the real thing—the Maine woods as they appear to one who knows them.

Moreover, the tragedy described is one that is entirely in keeping with the trappers and river-men of the West Branch. Your guide will tell you similar tales as he paddles you up to Canada Falls.

THE group of war stories at the beginning of the volume hark back to the Rebellion, and are sentimental, humorous and dramatic by turns. From now on, this kind of tale will change its earmarks. For a generation the Rappahannock and the Potomac, Gettysburg and Atlanta, have been names to juggle with in song and story. Yankee and Southern dialects in alternate layers have been necessary ingredients of a war story.

Henceforth the tune will be changed. Plain United States, interlarded with East-side Dago, will be the vehicle for war dialogue. The Rough Riders will supersede Mosby's Guerrillas; San Juan Hill will displace Cemetery Ridge. Already the Minid ball has ceased to sing in literature, and the "spit" of the Mauser is taking its place. The uniform and equipment of the soldier standing guard on the cover of Mr. Chambers's book are out of date. The reign of the cartridge-box, the flat fatigue cap and the paint-brush goatee is over.

The prevailing hero wears a campaign slouch hat and a belt full of cartridges, canvas leggings, and a Norfolk jacket with numerous pockets. He is mostly smooth-shaven, and likes to show his teeth. He



still sings some of the old, old songs, and you may hear "The Red, White and Blue" in the trenches at Santiago, just as for thirty years it has floated through fiction from the trenches before Petersburg. But, hereafter, no war story will be genuine that does not contain "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

WE loved the old soldier heroes with their ancient songs, and with names of battles that were sacred because we had learned them out of dog-eared school histories.

But already the new hero is nearer our hearts, because he is more human. Just the other day we played football with him, or beat him at golf, or sailed a boat with him. He was a good-fellow then, and we know that he is a brave one now. Already he has entered upon his immortal youth in fiction. His contemporaries will grow old and die, but he will march serenely on through the years — a smooth-faced, square-jawed youth, pushing his way through chaparral under a burning sun, and jesting in the face of danger.

Droch.

WHO is this man named for the Presidency? I never heard of him."

"Haven't you? Why, he has been mayor of one of our largest department stores."

MRS. VON BLUMER: My dear, those people will be here in an hour to dinner, and the cook has been at your whiskey.

"In that case I guess I'll join her."

Afterwards.

AS I lay dead one day,
With all the people round,
"Poor boy!" I heard one say:

"He'll soon be under ground."

"He owed me ten, but then"
(He softly smoothed his brow),

"'Twill not occur again;

He cannot reach me now."

"How natural he looks,"

Another said. "Poor lad!

He was so fond of books—

He borrowed all I had."

Another: "Poor, dear soul!

He loved my dinners so!

How sad! Yet, on the whole,

'Twas best that he should go."

Another: "Ah! so young!

So hard it is to think

His song was left unsung—

They say he used to drink."

Another: "He was bright!

How pitiful to fling

Such gifts away. He might

Have done some clever thing."

And still another groaned,

As in his chair he sank:

"His loss will be bemoaned—

They say he was a crank."

As I lay dead one day,

While waiting for the hearse

I couldn't help but say:

"This might have been much worse!"

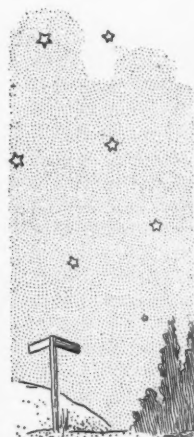
WISDOM is the knowledge of other people's mistakes.

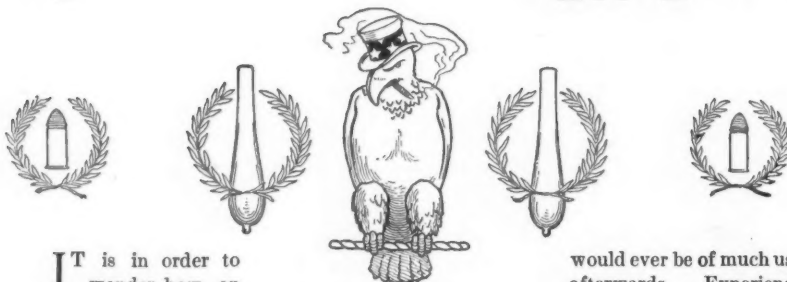
MR. HAYRAKE (to college-bred son): So yew air goin' tew git married. Du yew think th' polish yew got at college 'll enable yew tew keep a wife?

"It has enabled me to get a wife rich enough to keep me."

Two Truths.

WHAT a man's wife becomes depends upon what he believes her to be. What a man becomes depends upon how far he strives to be what heaven and earth won't prevent his wife from believing that he already is.





IT is in order to wonder how, on the whole, the facts of contemporary sea fighting compare with expectation. Before the recent experiences at Manila and Santiago, the only data by which to form opinions of what battle on warships was like were those afforded in the war between Japan and China. The participant in that disturbance of whose impressions we knew most was Captain McGiffin. We knew how he felt about it, and what the effects of the concussions of modern gunnery were in his case. The deductions drawn were such as to make it an interesting question whether the survivors of a lively naval battle

would ever be of much use afterwards. Experience seems to have demonstrated that an American warship in a fight is a safer place than the average summer hotel in a thunder-storm. Still, we shall be interested in looking for after-effects, and in noticing how the men of our navy look and feel when they get home again. One thing is apparent, that it makes a profound difference whether one is on the ship that wins, or, as McGiffin was, on the ship that is knocked out. And it seems to make a vast difference, also, whether one is a member of an American crew or is the only American aboard.

Curious.

I READ in some bright magazine, Although microbes were never seen, These little germs lurked everywhere Upon the earth and in the air.

And it was always a mistake To give friends' hands a kindly shake, As microbes deadly, full of harm, Could be contracted from their palm.

And kisses had been known to kill—
And so last night I kissed dear Will,
As I was curious to see
If death would come this way to me.
Curley.

MISS BOARDIER: Your milk isn't as rich as it used to be.

FARMER PUMPER: Wall, mum, yew see the weather's bin so hot lately thet th' cows drinks more water than usual.

Damages.

JUDGE: You claim that the prisoner bathed in the brook which runs through your pasture. What harm in that?

OWNER: It killed all the trout in the brook, your Honor.

"Guilty!"

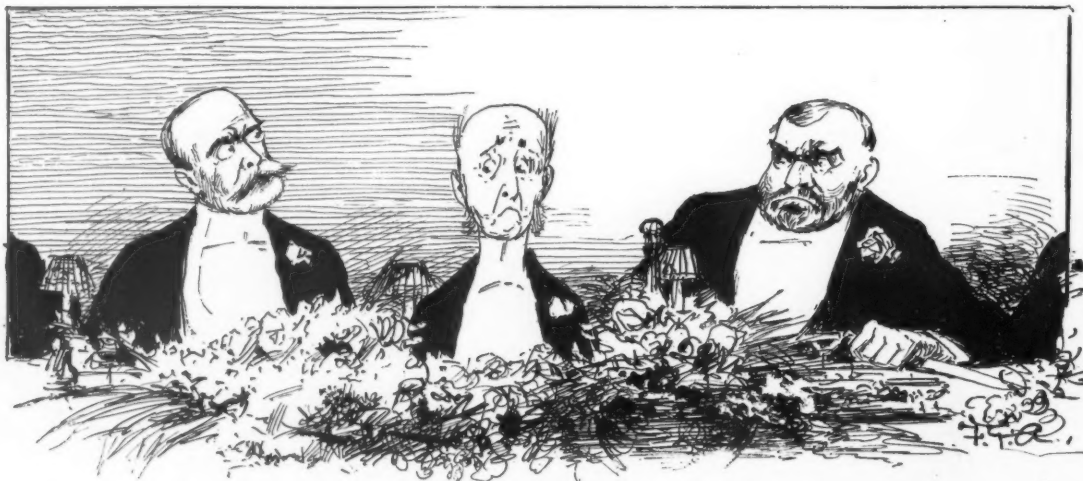
A PROPOS of birds and feathers, we clip the following from the *Journal of Zoöphily*:

In contemplating this wholesale destruction of birds for the ornamentation of the fair sex, the editor of a scientific paper says:

"The rate at which some of the rarest and most beautiful birds on our planet are being destroyed to gratify this extraordinary taste can hardly be realized. Nor can we overlook the terrible suffering involved by this enormous slaughter; the young osprey, bereft of its parents, left to die in hundreds; the heron, with the plumes torn from its back, writhing into death."

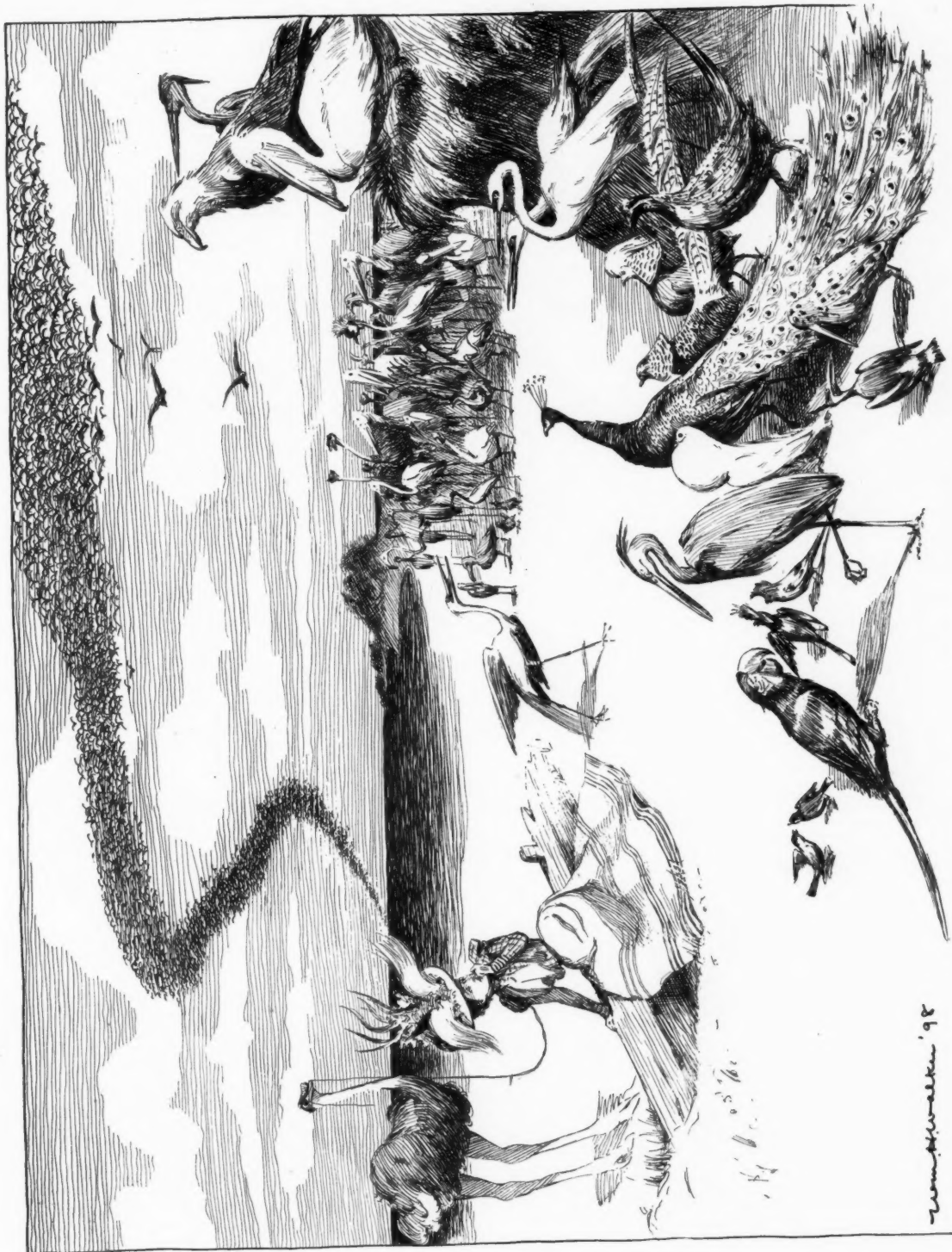
And with regard to the lyre-bird, an eminent ornithologist, in reply to an inquiry by the writer, states: "This wonderful bird will soon become a thing of the past, and with it will disappear the sole survivor of a very ancient race, before even its habits and structure are fully known." But, in spite of the protests of ornithologists and humanitarians, the "destruction of birds for the disfigurement of women's heads," as Lord Lilford puts it, goes steadily on.

AH! but when the war is over there will be some serious concomitants of peace. Think, for instance, of what a distribution of fur there will be when Mr. R. H. Davis and Mr. Poultney Bigelow meet again, say on the quarter-deck at Franklin Square. It is plainly the duty of each of these gentlemen to hand the other over to justice the first time he catches him on American soil. It will be a case of catch as catch can, and may we all, and the police, be there to see.



"AT THE BANQUET OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY IN LONDON ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, MR. E. L. GODKIN AND MR. E. CROKER WERE CLOSE NEIGHBORS."

—Daily Paper.



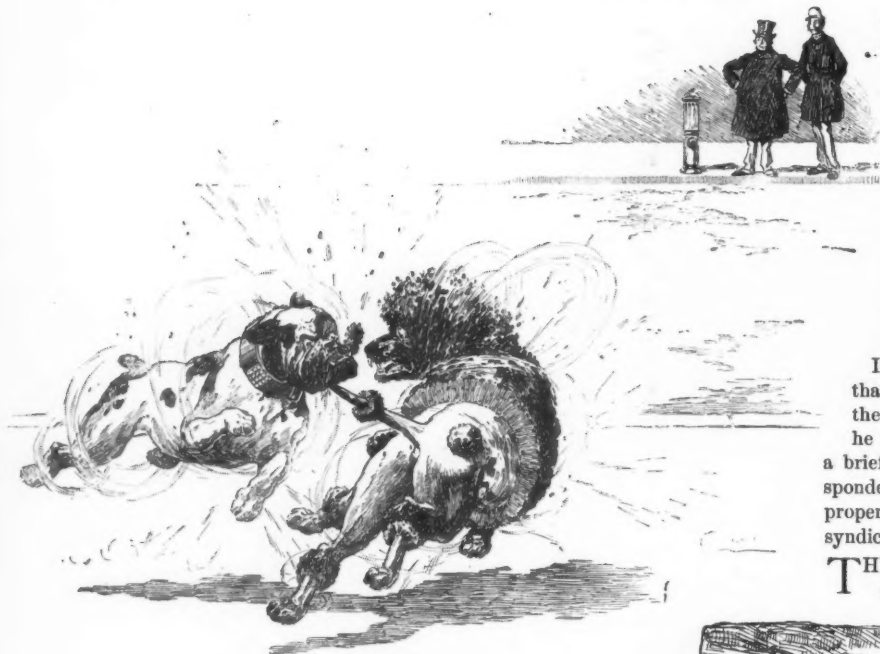
"GUILTY!"

26. H. W. Walker '98



W.F. Walker '98





EXPLAINED.

Hicks: EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY, MY BOY.

Dick Hicks: THEN WHY DO THEY FIGHT?

"I SUPPOSE IT FREQUENTLY HAPPENS THAT TWO OF THEM HAVE THE SAME DAY."

The Journalist.



SURELY a person who writes decent English in the newspapers, who has no imagination, whose work neither excites public fears nor disturbs the stock market, and who is hampered with archaic ideas about the honor of womanhood and the sacredness of family life, cannot hope to be a Journalist; he is merely that back number we call a newspaperman.

The Journalist is a novelist moved from his base, disjected from his orbit, and wandering, comet-like, in yellow chaos. He must be able to throw a glamour of romance and imagination around everything; he must be proudly superior to tradition and morals; he must know that *space* (in his paper) is greatness; that latitude in statement is better than beatitude, when united with attitude and platitude; and he must understand that virtue is its own reward and cuts no ice.

* * *

WHILE brains may be useful, they are merely incidental to journalism; a quick ear, a keen nose, a sharp eye, an enthusiasm not balked by locks, keys, or domestic impedimenta, a bomb-proof assurance, an anatomy that smiles at sole leather and defies violence, these are the gifts the *fin de siècle* Journalist needs if he is to be successful. Colleges training young enthusiasts for this high profession should impress these facts on them.

* * *

JOURNALISM lays down the fundamental principle that the creature is inferior to the creator; and in dealing

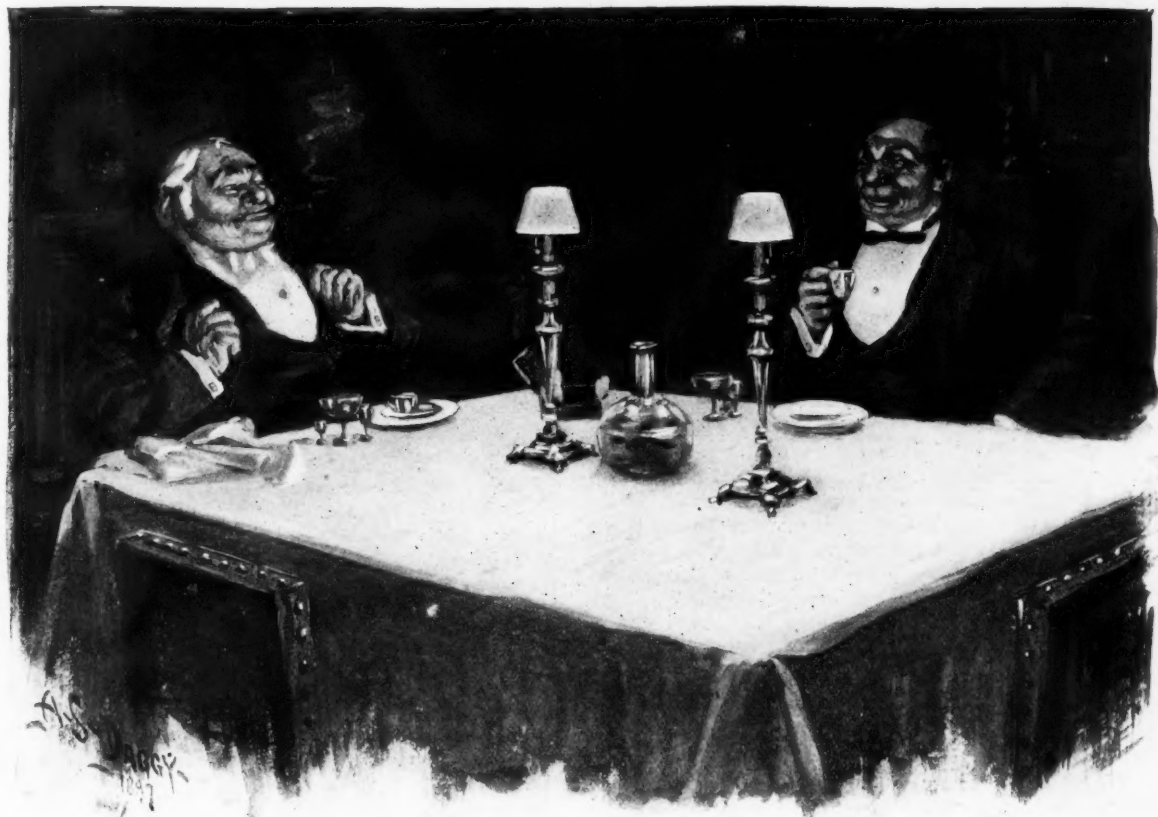
with presidents, dignitaries and ambassadors, the Journalist must make them understand that their views count for nothing, while those of the American people, as expressed by him and warmly endorsed by his own paper, must be listened to. In a free country like America everything must be free and public; and the true Journalist takes a pride in impressing upon his readers the solemn truth that personal and family privacy is a relic of an intolerant past that has no place in American life to-day.

It would be futile to lay down the rules that govern and the qualities essential to the making of a great Journalist, and what he is and should be are best illustrated by a brief autobiography of the eminent correspondent, Jenkins D. Grade, whose fame is the property of several continents, newspapers and syndicates.

THE son of a famous retired butler and a distinguished domestic, Jenkins



"DOING A RUSHING BUSINESS."



"HOW SHORT THE YEARS SEEM! WHEN I WAS A BOY ON THE OLD FARM THEY WERE MUCH LONGER."
 "YES, AND IF YOU WERE TO TRY THAT SORT OF WORK NOW THEY'D SEEM LONGER STILL."

D. Grade was carefully trained for the profession of a body servant, but unkind fate switched him into journalism as a society reporter. Blood will tell, and the man with the polish and address of a nobleman's valet will not only have the admiration of the servants' hall, but the sympathy of our aristocracy. With such advantages, Jenkins D. Grade had social gossip to burn; he raised keyholeism to a fine art, and made his paper the recognized social authority of America. Such talents as his were cramped in New York, and his shrewd managing editor exported him to London as special correspondent, where he was accepted as a fine type of the American gentleman. A butler's son naturally gravitates, socially and politically, to the nobility and conservatism, and his correspondence glittered with views of English life and politics delightful to refined Americans, who despise republicanism

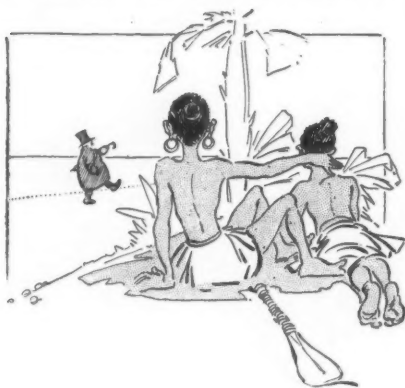
and its vulgar associations. All decaying bodies attract parasites; and the affluent tradesmen, rich colonists and bonanza Americans, who were disgusted with the leveling tendencies of the age and anxious to be in touch with the House of Lords, found Mr. Grade an amiable and certain guide to success. Nothing irritated this great man so much as the insinuation that he was an American; but all fair-minded men could see that a mere accident of birth was hardly sufficient to wipe out a proud ancestry of twenty generations of British butlers. His detractors soon learned this by the impartial praise given to English institutions and men, and by the virile independence of his ridicule of absurd American ideas and systems. When to these evidences of sturdy genius he added all the minutiae of fashionable London life, gleaned from the backstairs and pantries of Mayfair, New York could restrain its

enthusiasm no longer, and he was hailed as the highest type of cosmopolitan journalism. New York was soon to lose and gain him. His proud spirit resented the thralls of American journalism, and he divorced himself from it to come to New York as the representative of that highest form of human thought, the London daily. To-day London is enabled to enjoy views of American life and politics such as are unknown to us, and which only a special brain and training could evolve.

While Jenkins D. Grade has been a tremendous loss to New York journalism, his career is one of its proudest annals, and his presence among us a boon far transcending even the leavening personality of E. Lawrence Godkin.

* * *
LIVES of great men all remind us that greatness consists in a noble use of our gifts, and that the mule and

THERE ARE DIFFERENT KINDS OF MISSIONARIES.



jackal may prove as great an incentive to uplifting as the ant the sluggard was invited to interview. The rise and dominance of this splendid young butler is an inspiration to every keyhole literateur in America. His portrait is on sale at all the bookstores, two for a quarter, with an autograph.

Joseph Smith.

The Young Woman and the Physician.

"I AM sure," said the hypochondriacal young woman to the physician, "that my complaint is a very complicated one. I suffer from muscular weakness after an exertion, a feeling of fullness in the stomach after meals, my feet tire from walking, and I can't sleep during the day. Do you think you understand my case?"

"Perfectly," replied the doctor, who could fix no relation between the symptoms at all.

"Perfectly," he repeated, impressively, nodding his head with the air of a man who understands his business. This he did very artfully, for the doctor had lost none of the nerve acquired by watching the vivisection of

innocent animals during his student days.

Then he wrote a prescription for salt water, which he gave to the young lady, with instructions to return in a week, so as to inform him of her progress; really, to refer to his books in the meantime.

But the doctor could find nothing to enlighten him in all his books. He cursed their inadequacy.

Presently the young lady returned. On her cheek was the bloom of health.

"I cannot be too grateful to you, doctor," she said, joyously. "You have done me a world of good."

The doctor smiled contentedly.

His patient was cured. The brilliancy of the cure would warrant him charging for the case instead of for the number of visits; and already his mind was forming the outline of a paper to be read before the medical society on the therapeutic value of salt water in diseases of the stomach, insomnia, muscular rheumatism and varicose veins.

Why shouldn't he smile? Robert Alexander Buchmann.

A New Issue.

KANSAS FARMER: Is it true, Jedge, thet th' war with Spain is th' cause uv th' rise in wheat?

JUDGE: I believe so.

"Then, by Jingo! ez a leadin' Poperlist, I shell immejitly advocate a decerlashun uv war agin Urup, Azyer an' Afriky."



Young Shopper: I'LL HAVE YOU BROKE; SEE IF I DON'T! DAD'S GOT A PULL, AN' YOU SHILL BE DISCHARGED. (With emphasis) I MAY NOT BE AS OLD AS some, BUT I'M A CITERZEN JUST THE SAME, AN' WANT AS MUCH ATTENTION PAID ME. IF YOU PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ONE GAL'S WAIST YOU SHOULD DO IT TO ALL. YOU DIDN'T DO IT TO ME, AN' I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAN' I'M JUST AS MUCH OF A LADY AS ANY OF 'EM.



“Don’t Cheer!”

“Don’t cheer, boys! Those poor devils are dying.”—*Captain Philip, of the Texas.*

DON’T cheer! Death blights our victory.
Those flaming ships, Spain’s colors
flying,
Are hells of human agony,
And shall men cheer when men are dying?
The torture theirs; not theirs the wrong:
Poor victims of two nations’ sinning!
This naked, wounded, burning throng,
Graves with our martyred dead are win-
ning.

Before the smoke of battle breaks,
Above the shriek of shells, loud crying
My country’s better nature speaks:
“O boys, don’t cheer! Those men are
dying.” *Grace E. Palmer.*

Keep It Up!

IT seems to have got around every-
where that Professor Norton, of
Harvard, in the lowness of his
spirits at the outbreak of the Span-
ish war, allowed that the Amer-
icans were a trifling people, unable
to discriminate correctly between what is
honest and what is not, and destitute of a
nice sense of honor. These deliverances,
having come to the notice of Senator
Hoar, have considerably disturbed that
venerable statesman’s tranquillity, so that
recently, in the course of an address that
he made at Clark University, in his own
town of Worcester, he took occasion to
repeat Professor Norton’s injurious re-
marks, and to aver that “it was no such
thing,” and to declare that there were two
things that Professor Norton was incap-
able of comprehending, of which one
was honor, and the other the American
people. The Senator did not specify

what was amiss in the Professor’s notion
of honor, but averred on his own account
that the vital ingredient of honor was a
sense of duty, and that duty was the
American people’s best hold, and that, as
the fresh from-boarding-school young la-
dies say, they were “just crazy about it.”

The idea suggests itself that if we
were to hear further from Professor
Norton and Senator Hoar about honor
and the American people and related
topics, it would be a relief to the feelings
of both venerable and illustrious gentle-
men, and exceedingly edifying to all of
us. To have Dr. Norton evacuate his
mind of all his fears and sorrows and
disappointments about the American
people, and then to have Senator Hoar
respond out of his long and compre-
hensive experience with denials, hopes, and

comforting inferences and forecasts,
would really do good. We should get
to know Professor Norton, which is an
advantageous experience, and between
him and Senator Hoar it would go hard
if we did not get to know more about
ourselves, and whether we are, as Dr.
Norton seems to feel, a mere scum, or, as
Senator Hoar believes, the salt of Earth.
The announcement of a joint debate up
and down the State of Massachusetts
between these wise elders would be re-
ceived with general elation. Can’t you
fix it, Major Pond?

FATHER: What makes you think
you can earn enough to support
my daughter?

SUITOR: Well, I’ve been engaged to
her for six months.



AN ENDORSEMENT.

“Dear Sir: I HAVE USED ONE BOTTLE OF YOUR HAIR RESTORER. FOR HEAVEN’S SAKE SEND
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"JOHN AND JONATHAN."

John said to Jonathan

"What's gone wrong with you—
Waking all us quiet folk
With Yankee-doodle-doo?

You're not sole owner of the earth
From Cuba to Luzon—"

"Are all the Jingoos our side, dad?"
Said Jonathan to John.

John said to Jonathan

"Where do you come in?
Spain's inside her own backyard—
You're not the Cubans' kin;
One can't be always squaring up
When some one's put upon—"

"Was Byron an Athenian?"
Said Jonathan to John.

John said to Jonathan

"Can't you draw it mild?
A quiet talk may do them good,
But war'll drive them wild.
He's got some pluck left in him yet,
This proud old Spanish Don—"

"Drake's a sort o' cousin o' mine!"
Said Jonathan to John.

"Ay," said John to Jonathan,
"That sort of talk's all right,

But—is it only chivalry
That stirs you up to fight?
There is a place called Wall Street,
And we know its goings-on—"

"New York's not the United States!"
Said Jonathan to John.

"I do admit," said Jonathan,

"I'm plaguery apt to brag;

You're not so meek yourself, my dad,

When others taunt your flag;

But, now we've settled down to work,

You'll find the bragging gone—

We'll not disgrace the family!"

Said Jonathan to John.

—Sydney (N. S. W.) Town and Country Journal.

A MEMBER of the House asked Speaker Reed the other day if he did not think that Hawaii should come into the Union before Cuban annexation was discussed.

Mr. Reed thought a moment and then dryly replied: "Some people prefer leprosy to yellow fever; but, if I had to have both, I should take the yellow fever first."

—Argonaut.

THERE was a red flag out in front of a farmhouse up in the Swift River region in Oxford the other day when Burns was driving past the place. He can never get by an auction sale. There is something about a bargain at vendue that strikes him just where he lives. So Burns hitched his horse and stopped on the outskirts of the crowd. He remembered that at the last auction he attended he bought two pod augers and an ox yoke, and this time he steeled himself lest he commit similar egregiousness. In fact, he concluded that he wouldn't bid at all.

But when the crowd got well waked up over a Jersey helper, Burns chipped in a bid or two, and finally got to going hard against a red-whiskered man, who carried a whip in his left hand and expectorated violently after every bid.

As the contest waxed somewhat energetic, Burns reached for his pocketbook. His fingers ran down and down into his trousers pocket until they slid into a good big hole. The



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The Cheery Book. By Joe Kerr. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

Ye Lyttle Salem Maide. By Pauline Bradford Mackie. Boston, New York and London: Lamson, Wolfe and Company.

Canadian Folk-Life and Folk-Lore. By William Parker Greenough. New York: George H. Richmond.

pocketbook was gone. You who have found holes in your pockets where wallets ought to be, can, in some measure, appreciate Burns's feelings.

He stopped bidding, and while the red-whiskered man, still expectorating, was paying down an installment on the heifer, Burns pushed forward through the crowd and got the auctioneer's ear. That functionary listened intently. Then he arose erect once more, and in his professional drone commenced:

"This gentleman informs me that he has lost a pocketbook containing the sum of two hundred dollars. He offers the sum of ten dollars for its return. Now—"

"I'll give twenty," broke in a voice in the corner.

"Thirty," cried another.

"Thirty-five," came in determined tones from the red-whiskered man.

"That was beyond what I could afford," says Burns, and so I came away and left them bidding on it."

—Leicester Evening Journal.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers to LIFE will please give old address as well as new when requesting change of same. Notice of change of address should reach us Thursday morning to affect the issue of the following week.

THE typewriter stood on the General's desk,
Whence all but it had fled;
The fleet they had bottled was all but a wreck,
The last lone mule was dead.
But the General sprang to the typewriter's side,
And he banged each rattling key
With his daily message across the tide
Of another great victory. —*Baltimore News.*

AN English hostess was entertaining about three hundred people at a reception, and had provided only about seventy-five seats. In despair, she said to a compatriot:

"Oh, I am so distressed! Not three-fourths of these people can sit down!"

"Bless my soul, madame!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter with them?"—*Argonaut.*

PERSPIRING MANAGER (of excursion): We're a little behind time, I know, but we'll make it up on the last half of the run.

INDIGNANT EXCURSIONIST: Make it up! What's the use of talking that way? We'll meet ourselves coming back long before we get there!—*Chicago Tribune.*

"I GUESS we better not take Wadderberry as a risk," said the insurance agent. "He is talking of going to war."

"We cannot refuse a man on such patriotic grounds," said his partner. "It would ruin our business."

"It ain't that at all. I know he would not talk that way unless he had some organic trouble."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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THE amateur strategist positively cannot be cornered. Just when you think you have him he eludes you.

"The trouble is," he says, "that they allow a few men in Washington, unacquainted with the lay of the land, as it were, to dictate the moves to be made by the officers who are actually on the spot."

"And you deem that wrong?" you suggest.

He looks at you in surprise.

"Wrong!" he exclaims. "From a military or naval standpoint it is practically suicidal. What does a man in Washington know of the situation at Mole St. Nicholas?"

"Very little," you admit.

"Then what right has he to map out the moves? I tell you, sir, it is simply idiotic to have this war fought by a board of strategy in Washington. If we haven't confidence in our commanders we ought to get some more. If you had a clerk that you couldn't trust to do the work that you hired him to do, what would happen to him?"

"He would get it in the neck," you reply.

"Precisely," he says; "and it is quite right that he should. But I don't want you to think that I am casting any reflections on our naval commanders, for I am not. I think they are all right. Dewey demonstrated that. If you had a traveling salesman who was supposed to be as good as there was in the business, would you insist upon telegraphing orders to him every time he happened to be near a telegraph office?"

"Certainly not," you answer.

"That's just the point, then," he asserts. "Hang it all! this naval strategy board ought not to be allowed to interfere."

"But I understand it doesn't."

"What?"

"I'm told that the only duty of the naval strategy board is to furnish information to the commander of the fleet. He calls up and they merely give him the latest information of the enemy and the other American boats that may be somewhere in his vicinity."

"Is that all?"

"That's all."

The amateur strategist gives a snort of disgust.

"No wonder it takes so long to accomplish anything!" he exclaims. "How can a man in the Caribbean Sea who doesn't know anything that's going on outside the reach of his telescope be expected to realize the best moves to be made? What in thunder is a naval strategy board for, anyway? If they are going to have one, why don't they give it a little power, so that there may be some possibility of ending this war some time?"

No; you can't corner the amateur war strategist.

—*Chicago Post.*

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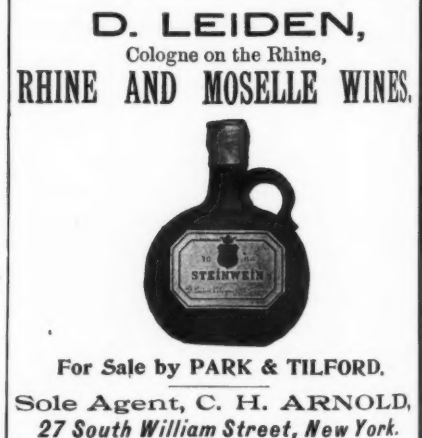
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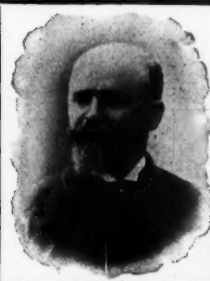
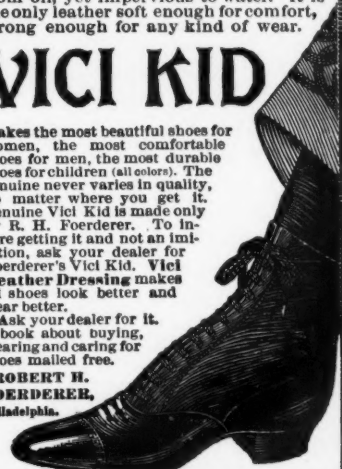
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